

to invest \$1200 in the get-rich-scheme of Mr. Mumford. And if you may have the idea that this chap—he who parted with the \$1,200 is easy, just ask him quickly some day for the loan of two bits. Will you get it? You will—not.

Then too there is told the tale of another young man, also in the advertising business. This chap, however, has little belief in the ad club, but joined "for business reasons." And he too invested with Aluminum Oliver—\$100 large cart-wheels.

The strike of the foreign waiters in San Francisco may extend to this city if any credence may be placed upon local rumors. In fact, agitators have been very busy here for several months, though working so quietly that few, except those directly affected, have known of it.

The case of J. E. Miller, the chef at the Vienna, is one instance. Three years ago this fall he was waylaid and shot while on his way from work. He left town for a while and upon his return received anonymous letters at frequent intervals containing sinister threats of what would happen if he remained in the city. Subsequently, from time to time, cartridges have been placed or two discharged in the range, though they did not or two discharged in the range, though it did not happen to hurt any one. Finally a toy pistol with his name attached was placed in the coal bin at night, and upon starting for work the following morning, during the month of July, he was met in front of his house by three men in an automobile, one of whom carried a rifle. He was told that unless he left the city by August 15th he probably wouldn't go to work any more.

The sheriff and chief of police should get busy immediately in an attempt to locate the gang guilty of these outrages and see to it that they are put in a place where they can cause no further trouble. This city has been fairly free of such an element during the strenuous times that other cities have had with others of their ilk, and they should be stamped out before they make any appreciable headway.

Our friend, Irvin Cobb may continue to be a literary lion in the far and effete east, but there are some people in Wyoming who will never hear his name without a shudder. For instance, Baldy Sisson.

Baldy owns and operates the town of Saratoga, Wyoming, and the Lord has appointed him the official custodian of all sagehens and sage-chickens. Baldy took Mr. Cobb shooting and had not the slightest trouble in leading him to game. The eminent literary light spotted one fat and prosperous bird as it waddled away through the sagebrush and brought his ten gage Howitzer to bear on the fowl.

"You ain't goin' to shoot now, are ye?" asked Baldy anxiously.

"No," answered Cobb, squinting along the barrels, "no, Baldy, I'm going to wait until she stops."

Another citizen of Wyoming who will always recall I. Cobb with slightly scrambled emotions is old man Scott, the purveyor of trout flies and fishing tackle of all sorts. During the past year Mr. Scott has lost his sight, but manages to retain his cheerfulness in the face of tragedy.

Big Tom O'Connor, the San Francisco attorney was a member of the Cobb party and went into Scott's store to buy some flies. The following conversation ensued:

"You're a stranger here, sir?"

"Yes, I'm with the Cobb party."

"Oh, yes, Cobb. Well now, I'd like to ask you a question. Is this Cobb as gosh-awful homely as everybody says he is?"

O'Connor pretended to be surprised at the question.

"Haven't you seen him, Mr. Scott?"

"How can I see him? I've lost my eyesight."

"Ah," said O'Connor, gravely. "God in his great mercy has spared you the greater affliction."

Cobb is on his way East again, much refreshed in his short stay in the mile high country. He says that hereafter his yearly itinerary will always include a trip to the sage hen country. But Baldy Sisson says: "Well, never mind what he says. It could not be printed in a strictly moral and religious weekly paper."

THE PASSING OF BIERCE

By George Stirling.

These lines were written, in answer to rumor that Ambrose Bierce, the poet, novelist, essayist and satirist, died by his own hand.

Dream you he was afraid to live?
Dream you he was afraid to die,
Or that, a suppliant of the sky,
He begged the gods to keep or give?
Not thus the Shadow-Maker stood,
Whose scrutiny dissolved so well
Our thin mirage of Heaven and Hell,—
The doubtful evil, dubious good.

If, drinking at the close of day,
The staling wine at last displease,
And, coming to the bitter lees,
One take the sickened lips away,
Who shall demand the Pilgrim keep
A twilight session with Disgust,
And know, since revellers cry he must,
A farewell nausea ere he sleep?

Were his a reason to embrace
The Roman's dignity of death,
Whose will decreed his final breath,
Determining the time and place,
Be sure his purpose was of pride,
A matter not of fear but taste,
When, finding mire upon the waste,
And hating filth, he turned aside.

If now his name be with the dead,
And, where the gaunt agaves-flow'r,
The vulture and the wolf devour
The lion-heart, the lion-head,
Be sure that head and heart were laid
In wisdom down, content to die.
Be sure he faced the Starless Sky
Unduped, unmurmuring, unafraid.

ANOTHER FROHMAN STORY

Every now and then you run across a new and amusing story about Charles Frohman, for there are more now in circulation than when he was here. The Frohman legend is already in the making.

There is this one. Frohman was in London, when there came in his morning's mail to the Savoy a communication from one who has been an actress in his companies and who had since married and become a great lady. He opened the envelope, and found therein a formal card announcing that his erstwhile star would be "At Home" on such and such an afternoon. Out came the famous blue pencil he always carried, and before the card went back there was written on the other side just this:

"So will I.—C. F."

If, as is hinted, Mr. Hughes has been able to convince both the woman suffragists and the antis that he is for them it is clear that the diplomacy of the country would be in competent hands were he elected.—Chicago Daily News.

Hamilton's Smart Shop

The smart things for Fall are beginning to arrive and will continue at regular intervals until the stocks are complete in September. Early selections may now be made—and the modes are prettier than ever.

Hamilton's
CORRECT DRESS FOR WOMEN
216 SOUTH MAIN ST.

During hot weather give the children all the Ice Cream they want. It is nutritious and so healthful—recommended by physicians.

We give S. & H. Trading Stamps

Keeley Ice Cream Co.
Opposite Auerbach's on State St. Next to Empress Theatre Main St.

The Mother Nursing Her Baby

These hot days our minds revert to the mother nursing her baby, toning up on

American Beauty Beer

prescribed by the physician; to the invalid, so weakened that his diet is bred and beer; to the dinner, cold beer taking the place of iced tea, the stomach wrecker; to the sewing clubs, and so on, where something easily prepared must be served; to that social hour in the evening, when neighbors drop in; to that final half hour, when there is complete relaxation from a strenuous day—for a glass of American Beauty Beer upon retiring induces sleep.

Ring Hyland 17 or Your Dealer